Cade. The Duke of Yorke, nay I learnt it my ſelfe,
For looke you, *Roger Mortimer* the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

Staf. Well, that's true: But what then?

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Staf. That's falſe.

Cade. I, but I ſay tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was ſtolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his ſonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke. Nay looke you, I know was true;
For his father built a chimney in my fathers houſe,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to teſtifye it.

Cade. But doeſt thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers ſake, in whoſe time boyes playde at ſpan-counter with French Crownes, I am content that he ſhall be King as long as he liues: marry alwaies prouided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

Staf. O monſtrous ſimplicity.

Cade. And tell him, wee'll haue the Lord *Sayes* head, and the Duke of Somerſets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of *Amy* and *Mayne*, and ſelling the Townes in France: by which means England hath bene maim'd euer ſince, and gone as it were with a crutch, but that my puiſſance held it vp. And beſides, they can ſpeake French, and therefore they are Traitors.

Staf. As how I prethee?

Cade. Why the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not?
And then can he that ſpeakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good ſubiect? Anſwere me to that.

Staf. Well ſirra, wilt thou yeeld thy ſelfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he wil pardon thee and theſe, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then Ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

Staf. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
That thoſe that will forſake the Rebell Cade,

Shall

Shall haue free pardon from his Maieſty.

Exit Stafford.

Cade. Come ſirs, S. George for vs and Kent.

Alarmes to the battell, where ſir Humfrey Stafford and
are both ſlaine. Then enters Iacke Cade
againe, and the reſt.

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou haſt fought to day
antly, and knockt them down as if thou hadſt bin in
ter-houſe, and thus I will reward thee: The Lent
long againe as it was, and thou ſhalt haue licenſe to
ſcore and one a weeke. Drum ſtrike vp, for now we
London, and to morrow I mean to ſit in the Kings ſe
minſter.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene
Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say,
with others.

King. Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is ſlain
And the Rebels march amaine to London.
Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their Generall.
Yet ſtay, Ile reade the Letter once againe;
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath ſolemnly vow'd to haue

Say. I, but I hope your highneſſe ſhall haue his.

King. How now Madam, ſtill lamenting and m
Suffolkes death? I feare my Loue if I had bin dead,
not haue mourn'd ſo much for me.

Qu. No my loue, I ſhould not mourne, but dye fo

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh flye my Lord, the Rebels are entred South
And haue almoſt wonne the Bridge,
Calling your Grace an vſurper:
And that monſtrous Rebell Cade, hath ſworne
To crowne himſelfe King in Weſtminſter,
Therefore flye my Lord, and poſt to Killingworth.

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An army vp, and meete with the Rebels.